



Judge Paine's decision, if sustained, deprive the New York steamers of a portion of the business which would otherwise fall to them, but it will lead to the establishment of competing lines further South.

We are constrained to say, that a more gross and glaring advocacy of human selfishness over human right, of individual interest over the recognized principles of common humanity, was never seen in any paper that calls itself respectable, this side of Mason and Dixon's line. After the State Constitution, repealing one of its most vital prohibitions, simply because it may injuriously affect the interests of a few owners of steamboats? Why don't you ask Congress to repeal, as some paper has suggested, the law making piracy in the foreign slave trade? There is no doubt the New York ship and steamboat business would be greatly benefited by that repeal. Thank God! New York is New York, and Boston is Boston, and by the utter selfishness of their leading commercial men, they have won for them the supreme disgust of all reasonable men throughout the North. These men may be adding to their own immediate interest by such a course, but the end of it comes hereafter.—*Lowell Journal*.

A citizen of New York cannot hold slaves because their laws do not authorize it, and a Southerner stands in the same position, and enjoys the same privileges when he is in that State, and this is all the Constitution conveys. Slavery is local, and property in man is founded in positive law. There is no such law in New York, and therefore, neither its citizens nor others can claim man as property except when he escapes from a slaveholding State, and is claimed as a fugitive.

There are many cases in which property in one government is not such in another. At the North, the property in abolition documents, papers, books, &c., is as sacred under the law as any other kind of property, but in the South it is different. The circulation of this kind of master is prohibited; it is seized by public officers and destroyed, and those having it in their possession for circulation are fined and imprisoned. While Southerners pass such laws and enforce them, they need not be surprised to see their Northern friends enforcing laws according to man, his natural and inalienable rights—laws having their birth in the highest sense of justice, and sustained by the Declaration of Independence.—*N. H. Sentinel*.

The Legislature of New York is called upon, by the *Journal of Commerce*, to re-establish Slavery within its limits, lest 'our steamers' should lose the business of transporting Slaves, and lest competing lines should be established further South. This is certainly high ground on which to place 'legislation, involving political and moral principles of the widest concern.' We cannot doubt that the people of Madison and St. Lawrence counties will come to the rescue of the Steamboat interest in this respect. After the hope of commercial patronage shall have made the *Journal of Commerce* a little bolder in its magnanimous policy, it will doubtless recommend the re-establishment of the African Slave Trade, in order to restore to our vessels 'that portion of the business,' of which they have been 'deprived,' and to offset the severe 'competition' of vessels from Cuba and Brazil, to which they are now exposed.—*New York Times*.

**TO SOUTHERN DEALERS.** Your attention is respectfully invited to the advantages this market offers for the sale of your human property. Most other kinds of merchandise and cattle may be more profitably disposed of elsewhere, but for 'niggers,' there is no place like New York. It's astonishing, the greediness of the New Yorkers in this branch of the trade. You can get full price and over, for women, youngsters and babies that ain't worth half-price where people buy niggers to work 'em. On six or eight head, you may clear as much as \$2,000. All you have to do is, to let your goods run away and catch them here, or else bring them yourselves on the way to Texas. Either method will prove successful, and fetch the cash.

**N. B.** This mode of selling don't hurt the conscience. You give the poor devils their freedom, deserve well of Heaven, and don't lose a cent by it. This is the great advantage.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The fund of five thousand dollars proposed to be raised to reimburse Mr. Jonathan Lemmon, of Virginia, for his slaves, set at liberty in this city last week, by the righteous decision of Judge Paine, has been completed, the cash has been paid over, and a surplus remains. The appeal made to the public to raise this money was two-fold; for a poor man unexpectedly deprived of his property, and secondly, the benefits of a reputation at the South for opposing such a law as that under which these eight human beings are set at liberty. It was but a proper tribute to moral honesty, as well as to the sanctity of true charity, that the real motive for giving to this fund should be so frankly set forth. As a business transaction, we know not that any fault is to be found with it. That it is shrewd, and well calculated to pay, no men are better qualified to judge than those who have been active in raising the fund. We doubt not it will turn out a handsome speculation, and that the names and firms advertising to the South as ready to assist the slaveholder to regain or to retain his property, lawfully and unlawfully, will reap the returns of their slight investments; and we have as little doubt that their gains will provoke the envy of no thinking or Christian man.

But let us examine the matter candidly in its moral aspects. What just or righteous claim had Mr. Lemmon upon the charity of any man, in the loss of his slaves? The Law of New York clearly and expressly forbids the introduction of slaves within the State, on 'any pretence whatever.' Mr. Lemmon acknowledges he knew this, and that he expected to evade it by concealment. He violated, therefore, a known law—he ran the risk with his eyes open, and if now he has incurred the penalty, where is the proper ground for sympathy or charity, which any open violator of the law may not equally claim? Leaving out of view the deeper and truer ethics of the case, a plea might have been made for him, if he had come to New York against his will, or without knowing the liabilities of his act. His misfortune might then have been commiserated; but now he has the advantage of no such ignorance or compulsion; he came with his eyes open, and got what he had every reason to expect he would get. By his own act, he had taken his slaves out of the category of merchandise, and made them freemen. And they are made free by act of injustice, but by virtue of the reign of mercy, justice, and truth. Is this a cause of tears?

A hope is expressed by those who got up this fund, that it may possibly be restored to them by the Legislature of New York, and that the law may be repealed. To refund the money, would be for the Legislature to satisfy itself—to reproach and disown its own acts. To repeat the law, we believe, would open the flood-gates of an agitation deeper and more permanent than has ever yet existed on this slavery question. The State of New York is not, and cannot be, made a slave State. Having outgrown the barbarism, injustice and deceptiveness of a State of slavery, it can never be brought back to it, either in whole or in part. There is, we believe, a general and righteous determination on the part of the people, to allow the State, which legalizes slavery to do so, and to have their own. The stern requirements of the original compact the North is willing to abide by, honestly and fully. No deeper expression of this sentiment could be given, than that has been given by the acceptance of the *Pugnac Slave Law*. But beyond this, it will not be possible to go. The North has no love for slavery, and more than the strict behests of the Constitution will not be granted in its favor. The pound of flesh, as it is in the bond, will be heroically given; but Shylock can have no blood with it. We think a sober second thought will not press the issue involved in the question of repealing the existing statutes in reference to slavery. The political distinctions and moral and religious fervor of 1848, it would not be difficult just now to re-produce. The times and the public temper are favorable for them, and none have so deep an interest in keeping Eolus' bag closed, as the South and its Northern commercial allies.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

**The Richmond, Va., *Whig*** says that Mr. Aspinwall, clerk of the steamship *Richmond*, has been removed from that vessel for practising deception towards Mr. Lemmon, one of the eight slaves set free in New York. The *Dispatch* recommends the Legislature to make reprisals on New Yorkers, until the statute of the State, by which slaves brought into it voluntarily by their owners are made free, is repealed.

The amount of the contributions to the fund in aid of the Lemmon slaves, was on Thursday last \$748. Good!

From the Oberlin Evangelist.

**DANIEL WEBSTER.**

The press temts with eulogies, biographies and critiques on this departed statesman. In our opinion, the thing of most value in all this is the great moral of his life, the lesson it teaches so forcefully—warning against political recreancy to principle, and against its causes and occasions.

Daniel Webster more saw the truth than felt and owned its power. It has been many times said, 'He educated the conscience of the nation.' It must be, he failed to educate his own. Truth lay cigar before his great mind—reposing in his spacious brain. O, had it only lived and reigned in an equally spacious and genial heart! But it did not, and this, at bottom, was his ruin. Here lay the secret of his mighty fall. He knew his duty, but he did not.

Luxurious habits of life absorbed an enormous income, and created an insatiable demand for more. This laid him open to the corrupting power of Boston Gold. He ventured himself to act under the pernicious influence of special and large pay;—is it a wonder that where human nature never yet stood, Daniel Webster should fall? The Boston cotton interest had bought his conscience, and consequently his views and position on the slave question came round to suit purchasers. We are compelled to record our belief that his acceptance of fifty thousand dollars, as a special fee for serving Boston in the Senate chamber, was a mill-stone to his neck.

Strong man though he was, yet *wine was stronger*. With his drinking habits, he never could have honored the Presidency, nay, never could have reached it, if nothing else had stood in his way. No man's principles are reliable when he has reached the point where strong drink is stronger than he. There is too much conscience and good sense in our nation to elevate high trusts a man who is known to be the slave of strong drink. When a man has ruined himself, we cannot trust him to save the nation.

Our national idolatry to great talents can go far to blind us to defects of character, but not so far as to throw the veil of oblivion over a great statesman's nakedness and shame. Fortunately, alcohol cripes not only principles but talents—corrupts not the heart only, but the head. The strong mind it has power to make weak and even silly. Hence there is all the less temptation to promote the once great man, made weak and small under the fell hand of this universal destroyer.

Let Webster's fall and Webster's end be a beacon to the young and the ambitious. A kind friend lifts it up on high for warning;—who will madly slight its voice?

We sat down with the intent of spreading on our pages some testimonies borne by the religious press to the great moral lessons taught in the history of this great man. The following is a sample, valuable as coming from one of his early friends and admirers:

Predisposed by birth and association, to be warn in his praise, I reluctantly confess that, orator, statesman, and American as he was, he did not represent the morals of the republican fathers, so early in our history made the names of Washington, Adams, and Jay illustrious and immortal.

With him there was reverence, but not the piety of the heart; in his later years, religion appearing but as an appendage to his character, if at all. A victim of strong passions, his career for years was one of luxury, extravagance, and disregard of moral practices and political consistency. It is well known that the charge of gross intemperance would have made him, as a candidate, vulnerable before the American people. The father an elector, only a moralist, would have reasoned thus: if in this day of reformation, when the fruits of intemperance are so apparent, I elevate an habitual drinker to the Presidency, I say to my son, and to all American youths,—This is the way to honor—no excesses will prove a barrier to the highest stations? This fact deserves to be mentioned, that we may use its moral.

I need not repeat his words to prove that he arrayed himself against the most enlightened conscience of the age. It is known that the slave States seemed for a time conciliated and grateful for their new champion, but it is not forgotten that in the Conventions that make Presidents, he received *not a vote*, from them, for the high office to which he aspired.—How impressive the moral! May all future aspirants have it in memory! Truth and Freedom will secure all of human honors that are of any worth.

Mr. Webster's death was hastened on by political disappointment. Had his later years, like his earlier, been all for freedom—if he were doomed to die without reaching the object of his ambition, he might have been eased in his fall; and, passing away at three-score-and-ten, multitudes, millions, would have risen up and called him blessed; when now it must be written, as a historic truth and warning, a foul god allured him; guiding his own political bark, it was dashed upon a rock, and went down.

#### FUNERAL PAGEANTRIES.

The funeral obsequies, which were celebrated in New York, on Wednesday, of last week, in honor of the memory of Mr. Webster, were of the most imposing character. The *New York Times* has the following remarks upon these hollow pageants:

We trust our city has seen the last of the hollow mockeries by which respect is feigned for the distinguished dead. It would be difficult to conceive anything more alien to the Republican simplicity we so much affect, or less fitted to awaken the emotions which the departure of our great men from the scenes of their earthly labors should excite, than the tawdry, theatrical pageantries paraded in our streets on such occasions. They belong to other forms of society, and to another age. They may be appropriate where ostentatious pomp is the insignia of greatness and of power, and they may be useful in those countries where an essential part of the Government consists in feeding the curiosity of the gaping multitude, and in diverting their thoughts and their eyes from the conduct of their rulers. It has become proverbial that the French are dazzled by shows, and that nothing is easier than for a skilful despot to rob them of their liberty by waving a red flag before their eyes. But it is this very frivolity of character—this readiness to be blinded by fireworks, and fascinated by the artificial glare of military display, that unfits us for the many tasks of self-government, and renders liberty with them a mere hollow mockery than the empty parades under cover of which it is betrayed. The susceptibility to such influence is a weak spot in the public character; and we should be very sorry to have similar results urged in support of similar observances among our people.

The *New York Organ*, in an article upon the above subject, after stating that they are disposed to pay the highest respect to the memory of distinguished men, remarks:

In our judgment, the great majority of common-sense people are weary of these public parades on the death of distinguished men, not merely on the score of the expense, but for the reason that it is ill-judged and in bad taste.

Enormous sums have been expended in the five or six funeral pageants in this city, the last six years, and a large share of the whole has gone into the pockets of a few individuals, who fatten on the city funds as the reward of political services. The bills for the mere transit of Mr. Clay's remains through this city to Albany, amounted to \$17,000—among which was nearly \$4,000 for refreshments. Every body knows that no real service, worth a tenth part of that sum, was ever rendered. Under the pretext of paying suitable honors to the memory of Daniel Webster, bills for thousands upon thousands of dollars will be presented; and while a small part of it will go to pay for actual and necessary services, the bulk of the money will drop into the pockets of certain favorites of the City Fathers. The people are getting sick of this kind of fun—fun for the actors, but death to the tax-payers!

#### TRIBUTE TO THEODORE PARKER.

During the recent visit of Mr. Parker to the West, his pulpit was occupied one Sunday by the Rev. John T. Sargent of Boston, who improved the opportunity to pay a noble and well-merited tribute to Mr. P. for the rare moral courage and masterly ability he has displayed in grappling with the gigantic sins and unmasking the colossal sinners of the age in this land. The sermon was very happily conceived, and most eloquently expressed, and gave the highest satisfaction to those who listened to it. It has just been published in a neat pamphlet form by Benjamin H. Greene, 124 Washington Street. It is a brave deed on the part of Mr. Sargent. As a specimen of the style and spirit of his sermon, (which ought to meet

with a rapid sale,) we make the following extracts, and shall make some others next week:

I know the charge of 'couse denunciation' is often brought against your minister. We often hear it said his speech and manner are too severe, his rebukes too unqualified, his criticisms on public and private character too intense and searching. Within the last few days, no doubt, you have heard, as I have, his admirable discourse on Mr. Webster called *treacherous*; and, if eloquent, uncompromising truthfulness is atrocious, so it is. But really in these times, and in such a crisis of the public sympathy, as we are now passing through, when the voices of our pulpits for the last fortnight have been turning one way, monotonously as the prevailing breeze turns the weather-vanes on the top of the spires; when the columns of the public press are overloaded and fatigued with indiscriminate panegyric, it is something like a refreshment to find one pulpit and a preacher honest, bold, truthful enough to be perfectly just on such a theme; so loyal to God that he can suffer no living or dead man to dethrone or eclipse him, and so strong that he can hold up the most colossal image or the heaviest brain which men have ever worshipped, and show that it is but flesh, and a fragile image with its flaws and dark stains, have them running clear through the marble.

And look you now. Let us be consistent. Is it indeed a public benefaction or a deed of mercy which builds up, yonder on our rocky shores of the Old Colony, the friendly lighthouse,—a beacon signal and a warning to the approaching mariner in the midnight of his risks,—when the precipitous rocks and breakers are all about him? and is it any less a charity which quarters out of the very best of New Hampshire granite, or the broken fragments of this great man's fame, such a monument of admonition as may forewarn other adventurers in the great sea of political ambition, and lifts *them* those 'revolving lights' by which the heedless may have caution, lest they drift also on the sandbanks of a compromise or the bleak wilds of a disappointment, to become only so many melancholy wrecks on the melancholy shores of human history? Is not he the best friend of his fellow men, who in their sight the divine life of holiness; who is ever earnest for their welfare; who is willing to breast in their behalf the sweeping tempest of all worldly trials,—some 'St. Bernard of the Alpine snow-drifts, to whom the driving sleet and blinding snows of the political mountain-pass are as nothing, when he knows that some poor, fainting brothers are under the avalanche,—some heroic champion of justice, willing to stand and fight single-handed, if he must, the great battle for freedom,—some meek sufferer for the right, standing Christ-like amid the buffettings and abuse of the Scribes and Pharisees, while the reproachful terms, *infidel, heretic, disorganizer, blasphemous*, are driven, like storm-gusts, into his face? All this he can bear for the sake of his cherished principles, 'love for your country.'

Such, indeed, is the mission and position of the great pulpit reformer of these days; and what shall we say, then, of such powers and appliances in society as would oppose such an influence, as are ever tending to foreclose and counteract it—the cold, calculating, case-hardened conservatism which would excommunicate all progress and all freedom of speech, the powers of wealth and the powers of the world, the stringent policy and the intolerant selfishness, which are ever saying to all such lovers of truth and liberty, 'Stand back!' Away with your *Agrippa*! This is a subject not without its immediate practical interest to us, involving, as it now does, not only the question of individual rights to the Christian ministry, but all the great practical issues of good and evil which oppose such an influence, as are ever tending to foreclose and counteract it—the cold, calculating, case-hardened conservatism which would excommunicate all progress and all freedom of speech, the powers of wealth and the powers of the world, the stringent policy and the intolerant selfishness, which are ever saying to all such lovers of truth and liberty, 'Stand back!' Away with your *Agrippa*! 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## THE NEW HAMPSHIRE VINEYARD.

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TOMAS GARRISON:  
On the 3rd of this month, I left home for a lecture tour of three weeks in New Hampshire. To-morrow I am again at home, the Edens to which my heart ever finds turns for rest and peace when weary with the struggle of life. My first appointment was at Marlboro, where I spent two days and held two meetings. I found an earnest co-worker in the Unitarian, and a pleasant home in his family. The Baptist clergyman also attended our meetings, and added to make them as interesting as possible. I have told them of my work, and was thereby made glad. The Congregational minister of F. refuses to co-operate with any one without the pale of his sect, held in advancing reform. To all who speak with him, he says, "Stand aside! I am holier than thou." Well, notwithstanding the holy exclusion of this priest, we had two most excellent meetings.

On Friday, I went to Marlboro', where I was invited to sing the Baptist church for my meetings. The meetings were attended, and participated in these meetings, the attendance was smaller than we had expected. There were one hundred present, however, and these hours passed pleasantly and profitably. I am a subscriber of the *Liberator*, one member of the Council, the other a reader of the *Journal of Freedom* while Rogers lived, still an honored friend of the gifted and noble dead, and an interested reader of the *Liberator*, and an uncompromising abolitionist. Such should be the record of all the readers of the *Journal of Freedom*. It is that any of them have lost their first love, and all the momentous work in which they once so ardently engaged, unfinished and unbenefited. I am with a Democrat in M.—at least, he claims to be, and I have hopes that he will be some time, though not enough in the Democratic kingdom for me to stand by Frank Pierce. When I urged him to subscribe for the *Liberator*, he owned that it was the first best paper published in New England, and that he ought to take it; yet he declined doing so, because he feared he could not live up to the accompanying principles therein advocated. I have great hopes of a man who is candid enough to open up when he is in the wrong.

On Sunday, I spoke twice, to wit, afternoon and evening, in the Methodist Church at Pottersville, a small village in one corner of Dublin. It was a very sunny day, and the attendance was consequently great. Monday, I went to Keene, one of the prettiest villages in New England. This has been the stronghold of Whig principles in New Hampshire. The head of the Whig party in old Cheshire, and is under the management of men who have the Compromise measures; yet for the sake of party, they supported them, and went for Scott and the Fugitive. The Whig party, under the management of Daniel Webster, Winfield Scott, Millard Fillmore & Co., have suffered a Waterloo defeat, and the New Whigs were keenly sensible of their defeat when I was there. Perhaps the *Senate* may now conclude to advocate the cause of Freedom. One can afford to be beaten a few or many times in a just cause, for

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
'Til eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies, with her worshippers."

The sectarian churches of Keene are exerting a very influence, even than the pro-slavery parties, and then the "Free Democracy" there is very far from being free. The leaders of that party are timid, and remonstrating in faith which works by love, not justifies the heart of the body politic. I hope they will be able to make that last scene a fit close of her pure life on earth, and a sweet and solemn Passover to a higher life in the world of spirits.

I can look across the field and see the white paling enclosing her remains, buried in a secluded spot of her own choosing—a gentle rise of ground, shaded by a forest grove. I have conversed with those who knew her well, and all speak of her earnest affection, her genial social qualities, and the kind interest always felt in the simple every day plans and affairs of the neighborhood of pioneers she lived among; a rare combination of regard for life's home-bred charities with exalted intellect and cultivated taste, winning all—even the rude and untutored—to love her, and do reverent homage to a true womanly nature.

In her deeply religious nature, loving reverence of God as the good Father was beautifully joined with the love and good deeds to all. Four years she lived with a beloved brother and aunt, in an humble log cabin, after the plain style of pioneer life in the West, then almost a wilderness; and most of her poems were written beneath the roof of that simple dwelling.

Reading, domestic cares, the society of her kind family, correspondence with a few friends in Philadelphia, free and friendly intercourse with a few neighbors, and her earnest interest and efforts in behalf of the oppressed slave, seem to have made each day short in which to do all that duty and pleasure, walking hand in hand, led her to attempt. An intense love of nature found abundant gratification in the wild flower springing up in wondrous beauty and abundance, the undulating prairies, the oak openings, (such lawns and grand old trees as a nobleman might despair to equal,) and the crystal lakes which made Michigan so fair land in its early days, to those whose "uncloined eyes" were open to such beauty.

With high talent, a remarkable ease and wealth of language, a ready command of such words as flow easily in verse, she might have been one of the most popular writers of her day; but probably the thought never entered her pure mind of gaining reputation by sacrificing duty; the wail of woman's anguish sunk deep into her heart—woman enslaved, entombed on an unhappy thing—and she said to her free sisters—

"Shall we behold unheeding  
Life's holiest feelings crushed?  
While woman's heart is bleeding,  
Shall woman's voice be hushed?"

A shrinking dislike of notoriety made her slow to come in contact with the world, but the slave's appeal borne daily to her from the land of chains overcame this feeling, and day after day in her secluded home, she wrote those poems which gave strength to many a soul, roused many a heart to sympathy, and made her known and loved by the abolitionists. They made it impossible, too, for her to be popular with the rich and fashionable, to win applause which might easily have been gained by touching on more popular themes; but Truth alone is immortal, and a name bright and lasting, in the light of a world's Liberty, shall yet be hers.

Some time after her removal to the West, an eastern friend wrote her, fearing she might forget the anti-slavery cause amidst the varied and novel incidents of Western life. In reply, these beautiful lines were sent:—

"O! tell me not I shall forget,  
Amid the scenes of Nature's reign,  
The checks with bitter tear-drops wet,  
The hearts whose every throb is pain.

The woodbird's merry notes may ring,  
Exulting 'neath the clear blue sky;  
But louder still the breezes bring  
The echo of a sister's cry.

The verdant sod beneath my feet,  
The treasures of its flowers may spread,  
And close embowering branches meet,  
In fresh'ning coolness o'er my head.

But not for these, O! not for these,  
Can I forget the Afric's wo;

The sighs that float on every breeze,  
The streaming tears that ceaseless flow.

No! though the loveliness of earth  
Had touched my spirit like a spell,  
And soothed me back to joy and mirth,  
When darkness else had round me fell;

Though not the simplest bud that drops  
Beneath its weight of morning dew,  
When light the orient zephyr stoops  
To trifle with its petals blue;

Though not a breeze that stirs the grove,  
Or wing that cleaves the summer air,  
But hath a frown upon my love,  
Or strikes some chord of feeling there;

Yet think not they can dull my heart  
To carelessness of human woe,  
Or bid the bitter tears that start  
For Afric's wrongs, no longer flow."

Words from the very depths of a heart full of kind humanity, tender compassion, noble purity, and heroic truthfulness.

Blind and careless indeed must that mother be who can read the "Slave Mother's Farewell" without being not only melted to tears, but moved to action in behalf of thousands of American mothers robbed of their babes:—

"May God have mercy on thee, son, for man's stern heart hath none!"

"My gentle boy, my beautiful, my loved and only one! I would the bitter tears that steep thy young and grief-doomed head,  
Were springing from a broken heart, that mourned them with the dead."

And yet, how often I watched above thine infant sleep,

"With love whose gushing tenderness strove vainly not to weep,  
When, starting through my timid heart, the thought that thou couldst die,  
Shot, even amid a mother's bliss, a pang of agony.

"How may I live bereft of thee? Thy smile was all that flung;  
A ray of gladness 'mid the gloom for ever round me hung;

"How may a mother's heart endure to think upon thy fate,  
Thou, doomed to misery and chains! so young and desolate!

"Farewell! farewell!—They tear thee hence, and yet my heart beats on!

"How can it bear the weight of life, when thou art from me gone?  
Mine own!—Yet cruel hands have bartered thee for gold,

"And torn thee, with a ruthless grasp, for ever from my hold!"

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## POETRY.

## TOPSY, OR THE SLAVE GIRL'S APPEAL

TO THE VISITORS AND PATRONS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, U. S., IN THE TWELFTH MONTH, (DEC.) 1852.

Come, and list to little Topsy,  
Hear a little slave-girl's tale,  
Sure I am her simple story  
Oft will make thy cheek turn pale.

Ladies, I never knew my mother,  
Speaks I never mother had,  
Nor a father, sister, brother;  
Misus said "I was too bad."

Always was a little nigger,  
Knows not yet how old I are;  
But, I thinks I'm rather bigger,  
Since the time I came so far.

"Tis I still am very naughty,  
And a sad, ungrateful child,  
Yet, since good Miss Feely taught me,  
I'm not quite so rude and wild.

Ah! when first Miss Eva touched me,  
With her soft and pretty hand,  
Not a more degraded nigger  
Crept or walked upon the land.

Full of tricks, as thieving, lying,  
Hating all with wicked hate;  
Getting punish'd, roaring, crying,  
That was my most wicked state.

Then, Miss Eva looked so loving,  
Spoke so sweetly in my ear,  
Told me I was worth improving,  
Said, "I nothing had to fear."

But, I scarcely could believe her;  
Always thought I was too bad;  
Niggers always be deceiver,  
Always sorry, never glad.

Then she talked of God and heaven,  
Said, a nigger had a soul,  
Blacks, like whites, could be forgiven,  
Broken hearts could be made whole.

No! Miss Eva, never! never!  
My old Misus always said  
Niggers had no feelings ever,  
Lash them, whip them, till they dead.

No, Miss Eva, nothing change me,  
"Cept my black skin turn quite white;  
You said Massa treat me kindly,  
Still, I never can do right.

Thou'z Miss Feely tries to like me,  
Yet, if I but touch her clothes,  
With a push shall I drive me from her;  
Hates me like a toad, I's pose.

While I talked, the tears were dropping  
From dear Miss Eva's eyes,  
And my breath seemed nearly stopping;  
From her side I could not rise.

Miss Feely weep for naughty Topsy!  
White girl cry for nigger black!  
From that moment I felt her,  
All my heart turn'd quite back.

Topsy, Topsy! Eva loves you,  
And she wants you to be good.  
What! Miss Eva love poor Topsy,  
Wicked Topsy, wild and rude!

Missy died—and went to heaven,  
Where poor Topsy hopes to go;  
Hopes to have her sins forgiven,  
Black girl's soul made white as snow.

Uncle Tom had told Miss Eva  
All about a Savior's love;  
Topsy's speech the time is coming  
When she'll meet them both above.

Here I am, a slave no longer,  
Good Miss Feely made me free;  
Every day my love grows stronger,  
For Miss Feely's love to me.

Still I'm ignorant and careless,  
Little do, and little know,  
But, I hope, with kinder teaching,  
Every day I'll wiser grow.

Topsy's tale, my friends, is ended;  
Tis the tale of every slave;  
Let your feelings be suspended;  
Your attention we would crave.

Still we'll uphold a system  
Which our nation's glory stains?  
Leave to misery the victim  
Whom foul slavery retains?

No! our better feelings token,  
Christianity declares

Slavery's chains must soon be broken;  
God will hear the black man's prayers.

Sighs and groans, each hour ascending,  
Will not disregarded be;  
God, his ear in mercy bending,  
Soon will set the negro free.

America may boast of freedom—  
Idle boasting! free thy slaves!  
Thou a by-word art becoming  
To the lands across the waves.

Cleanse thy hands of this pollution;  
No more of stripes and star,  
Now present the great abomination;  
Nations watch thee from afar.

Each man must be up and doing,  
Small and great must lend a hand,  
And the women of our country  
Lift their voices through the land.

Slavish chains shall then be riven,  
Link from link be torn away,  
Slavery from our land be driven;  
With God's help we'll 'win the day.'

Bolton, England, Oct. 19, 1852.

Those who read Uncle Tom's Cabin will be at no loss to recollect poor Topsy.

## GREATNESS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

There never yet was flower fair in vain,  
Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;

The seasons toll that it may blow again;

And summer's heart doth feels it's every ill.

Nor is a true soul ever born for nought;

Wherever any such hath lived and died,

There hath been something for true freedom wrought.

Some burlaw leveled on the evil side.

Toll, then, Greatness! Thou art in the right,

However narrow souls may call thee wrong;

Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,

And so thou wilt in all the worlds be long;

For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,

From man's great soul one great thought hide away.

## THE DEPARTURE.

Her sufferings ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,

And breathed the long, long night away,

In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all its state,

Illumed the eastern skies,

She passed through Glory's morning gate,

And walked in Paradise.

## The Liberator.

## THE BLIND GUIDES.

## A SERMON.

PRAEACHED BEFORE THE CENTRAL SOCIETY AT LYNN, MASS.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 31st, 1852.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Can the blind lead the blind?—LUKE 6:39.

It is an old complaint of the philosophers, that while most people keep a tight hold upon their purses, there should be so few who do not give over their souls to the good pleasure of others. Human nature fails to outgrow the disease; and here, in the modern republic, where our talk is of private responsibilities and private rights, it is as prevalent as ever.

There is abundance of sagacity and prudent reserve when business interests are in view. What has bewitched these practical qualities, that they should give us the slip at the very moment when we need them the most? Where are they when we are taking moral impressions and choosing moral guides? It is startling to think how sharp-sighted one may be in his commercial relations, and how complacent and secure he may feel in consequence, while his spiritual nature has scarcely the rudimentary eyes of the mole. He may safely defy the whole business world to cheat him at a bargain; and yet he is so blind that he cannot distinguish a Principle from a Compromise, nor protect the weak sides of his character from the flatterers and the sophists, till it has come to be too late, and they have dragged him down after them into the ditch.

We can hardly expect the blind to be very sagacious in the choice of guides. The complaint we make is, that a man of practical skill and prudence should be blind—blind in precisely the direction in which blindness is positive ruin; that he should overlook the simplest precautions in protecting his conscience, in a way which would mortify him beyond measure, if, instead of the conscience, it were the pocket he had to guard; that he should think no inspection of his neighbor's honesty and solvency too cautious, when the question is one of money, and yet allow some chance association or contagious exertion to throw his moral and spiritual destiny into worthless hands.

It is a comfortable belief, doubtless, that we are living in a sinless Eden, where only the voices of God and the angels are audible; that no one can possibly forget nor mistake the Eternal Laws; that all the vague impulses, and first impressions, and passionate admirations, may safely be trusted;—and your shrewd man of business will stake his soul upon this comfortable belief. But would he stake one dollar out of his pocket upon it? O, no! The dollar shall be guarded, and the soul take its chance. Our moral sight is dull enough, at best. But we will draw over our eyes the films of a lazy indifference, and so be stone-blind.

Friends, it is worth while to ask ourselves what sort of guidance we are following, and in what way we follow it. Sooner than accept moral or spiritual bondage of any sort, it were better that we fall back upon the opposite extreme of an inaccessible pride, like that of the Eastern Emperor, who sternly rejected the rich gift of a neighboring prince, saying that neither he nor his predecessors had been won to take; that it was their office to give. To the perils of that frail and easy virtue which keeps no guard over the freedom and clearness of the moral sense, all other perils are as the summer shower to the hurricane. The danger is the more insidious, because it usually begins far back in a bad system of education; because the neglect of moral safeguards is an old and settled habit before it begins to be a sin. The first step to vice of any sort is seldom a deliberate choice. A strong attraction often itself, and simply because the moral safeguard has not been placed in its proper post, the character yields passively in the direction proposed. As the habit goes on gaining strength by indulgence, of course any thing like real choice becomes less and less practicable, and when at last, the conscience begins to see the sin, there is not felt enough interest in right principles to rouse it into protest. Here is the worst part of the prevailing indifference to proper moral guidance, that it has resulted in the prevailing inability to make any choice whatever in that respect.

In what sense can the young man be said to choose his guide, who, in sauntering about the penny paper shops or railroad stations, is attracted by the title of one of those pestilential cheap novels which flood the country with their corruption, and gets his first impressions of sensuality from the cunning turn of its sentences, and the perhaps unexpressed aim of its plot? While the poison is working subtly in his blood, and a feverish thirst for its pleasures is perpetually leading him back to those full springs, flowing up from the black feld pools of the lowest Pit, it is a deliberate choice that is steadily urging him on from impurity in thought to iniquity in deed?

Or take a case of another kind. In what sense can one be said to choose moral and religious guides, who has listened from his childhood, in the same church, to preachers of the current gospel of Despair—to men whose arrogance lays claim to finality in doctrine, and buriels its anathemas against the good and true of opposite belief; and whose spurious conservatism ignores progress and flouts at a philanthropy as old as the morning stars? It would scarcely be charitable to think that many rational beings would deliberate y choose such guides. The fact is, there is very little choice in the matter; there is very little besides ecclesiastical inertia, and habitual respect for certain pulpit and pews, as well as for set formulas, ritual and dogmatic, whose virtue consists mainly in their familiarity and punctual recurrence. It is very noticeable how slight a matter of custom, association, hereditary property, or the like, holds multitudes of men and women to the support of religious teachings, from which it is hard to believe they can get either comfort or light.

But there is no need to comment on the above quotation. It speaks for itself, and sufficiently illustrates what has been said of the position of the Ecclesiastical organs generally. It is rather an extreme case, but it shows the general bearing and direction of less aggravated ones. I repeat to you, that the danger is not from idolizing the Church. The poor Church is in very low estate. I do not mean the Church real, friends. No such fall for that. Serene, eternally strong and triumphant, in the bosom of unchanging Truth and Power and Love, that Church abides, and the falling away of sects and forms from it can not harm it. Not the church real, but the Church nominal—the Church accredited by the State. It is of this I am speaking upon?

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And so, more truly so, in politics. You can offer a man no insult that he will resent more than the charge that he does not choose his own leaders. Yet it is as plain as fact can make it, and every politician can see it in all parties but his own, that the leaders choose instead of being chosen. They form the party plots; they make themselves essential to the interests of one man by flattery his conceit with office or praise, and adroitly manage the prejudices of another. They have chosen their followers as theologians have imagined Divine Predestination choosing its reprobates; shaping their ways to sure destruction, while at their ease were fancying heaven just at hand. If it is a farce, it is certainly a mournful one, the multitude of citizens derided and ennobled from folly to folly, and apostasy to apostasy, by demagogue editors and stump-speakers, all the while announcing these, with a democratic self-complacency, as their organs, their representatives, their servants! What unscrupulous maneuver, what outrage upon private reputation, what infernal harbarity will not the partisan accept and encourage, the authority of his "Organ" that it is needful for the success of his party? And what sophistry is not dishonest and too barefaced to look like holiness itself, when the same authority stamps it as fair and sound? To be

But the party managers and demagogues our dolls? No more than the Church or the Journal. They are puppets too. They are perfectly well informed to supply the machinery for party success. The cheers at the caucus do not mean admiration of the orator. They mean success to the Party. Let him turn his back on his old confederates for some conviction's sake, or let them but turn away from

Christian Register of Oct. 23d.

their old principles at the dictation of expediency, while he abhides by those principles—and forthwith the cheers turn to hisses, and he for whose public services no praise was too high, becomes too contemptible to be treated with common decency and respect. There is no idolatry for the person of the party leader. He can lead nobody astray on the strength of his own interests merely. He must prove a party expediency, or he may as well argue to the driving snow-storm. If he can prove the party expediency, he shall have his way. But he shall not therefore get personal respect. That is another matter. Would the New York Tribune, which has made so many Anti-Slavery professions, be suffered to appeal to slaveholders to vote for the Whig candidate for the Presidency, on the ground that his defeat would help the Anti-Slavery cause?—would it be suffered to resort to such maneuver as this, without indignation rebuking the best men in the party, if the editor were not supported by the assemblage of the party? It is not respect for the man, but idolatry of the party, that shuts their lips, and makes them cover the shame with their shameful connivance.

High Office and Position has always been more or less of an All this Indifference, and Stupidity, and Ignorance, and Moral Cowardice, under the name of political necessity—commended to feel: consciences by old attachments and business interests—coming on, as it does, slowly and insidiously, it seems to the partisan to hear no relation whatever to the duties and destinies of the soul. But if there be any possibility of a moment's serious reflection, let him ask himself, why, if such utter abandonment to the manifest folly of the party composes, he may in consequence, be a slave to the party? It is not respect for the man, but idolatry of the party, that shuts their lips, and makes them cover the shame with their shameful connivance.

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